New York Daily Tribune Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe

CRACOW, AND THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA. Correspondence of The N. T. Tribune.

CRACOW, POLAND, Jane 11, 1858. The great Brandenburg Plato, or "Bakin Sandees," as Humboldt calls it, which accompanied us all the way to Breslau, did not cesse until after we had crossed the border of Austrian Poland. The day was intensely hot, and the dust on the road abiling. These vast levels, where great grain tracts alternate with pine forests, are even more monotonous than our own prairies, because they are far less fertile. In many places, the desert sand of the lost ocean whose waves once rolled here pierces the thin coating of soil and defice all attempts at cultivation. The forests first reclaimed it, and much of it should be given back for a time to the keeping of the forcets sgain. In this region rye is grown almost exclusively. As we penetrated further into Upper Silesis, the smake of smelting furnaces blotted the air and sooty trails marked the way to the coal mines. An intelligent young Pole, in the cars, informed me that the country has also a good name for its agricultural condition-the province being full of large landed proprietors, who, it seems, have paid much attention to the improvement of the soil.

After passing Oppeln the Polish language begins to be heard, and Polish Jews, in rusty black caftans and shabby cylinder hats, are seen at the stations. The pine forests are more frequent, and some low undulating swells-the first faint ripples of the distant Carpathians-break the dead uniformity. "When "you get beyond Myslowitz," said the young Pole, "you will see a bit of the Sabara, only instead of "camel's there are Austrians." Myslowitz is the last Prussian station, and really, for ten miles beyond, the country is a hopeless waste of sand, as yellow and bare as the Nubian Desert. After passing Szczakowa, where the Warsaw road branches off, the country gradually improved. The low swells rose into hills covered with dark forests, between which lay meadows, or rather immense flower-beds, sheets of glittering pink and yellow, threaded by tributaries of the Vistula. Polish peasants. in their high black hats, long jackets and wide Chinese trowsers were at work in the fields, or tending the herds of horses. Strength, coarseness and stupidity, occasionally relieved by a twinkle of cunning, were their prominent characteristics. Some of the boys were Irish over and over.

The sepulchral mound of Kosciuske, on the summit of a long hill, denoted our approach to Cracow. It is visible far and wide, a noble landmark. The Austrians have commenced fortifying the city, and this monument, being on a commanding point, is now inclosed by a strong fort. Eastward, over a green belt of foliage-tall ash trees, avenues of Lombardy poplars, and locusts showered all over with blossoms-lies Cracow, in the lap of the valley of the Vistula, which stretches away to the southwest until its folding hills of green grow blue in the distance, and crouch at the feet of the high Carpathian mountains. Tall, fantastic, Tartaresque spires shoot up in pairs from the stretch of tiled roofs, and in the midst, on the mound of the Wawel, stands in massive and venerable ugliness, the ancient Palace of the Polish Kings. The novelty of the picture, no less than its exquisite beauty, took me by surprise. I seemed to be already far away from Europe, and in that strange central region which, in character, forms a contipent by itself.

This impression was not weakened after arriving. A queer, bearded backney coachman took our baggage, repeating with great emphasis "piet-nasty," (or something like it), which I was afraid referred to my dusty appearance, but the German conductor explained that it was "fifteen," the number of the fiacre. Driving through an old tower-gate we en where a room spacious enough for a king's audiencehall was given to us. Our first visitor was a black Jew, who wanted to do something in the exchange way. Then came a rosy Polish chamber-maid, who asked whether we had brought our own bedding! The valet de place was also a Jew, rusty, black and unwashed, whose company we were obliged to endure, during and inspection of the city.

The place has a modern air, with the exception of the churches, upon which rests the mellow weight of from two to five centuries. We were more interested in the people, who happened to be celebrating a national and a religious festival at the same time, and thronged every street in their holiday clothes. Not only was all Cracow out of doors, but thousands of peasants from the neighboring villages had come into the city to share in the festivities. There was the most fantastic and picturesque mixture of characters and costumes. It was the last day of Frohnleichnamsfest (the Body of Christ), and religious processions, with tapers, shrines and banners of white and crimson silk, were parading the streets. A company of boy choristers, in scarlet robes, and bearing a crucifix, generally led the way. Then came a group of young peasants, bare-headed, with wild, matted hair, and candles in their hands; next girls carrying a shrine and canopy, decorated with flowers, and lastly, priests and peasants mirgled together, with a crowd of devout fol-

The civic festival was the anniversary of a victory over the Tartars, which has been annually celebrated for the last seven hundred years. It is characterized by a curious ceremony called the Kenik, which came off in the evening. A man dressed to represent a Tartar chief, with a turban of preposterous size, terminating in a high, conical cap, with his face masked, and his body inclosed in an imitation horse, over which his false legs dangled, was conducted through the principal streets, preceded by the sound of trumpets and the banners of the city. He carried in his hand a sort of mace, with which he attacked every one who came near him, accompanying his blows with what must have been very humorous and telling remarks, to judge from the shouts and laughter of the crowd. The press of people was so great, in spite of the efforts of a double line of soldiers, who accompanied this curious procession, that we had great difficulty in catching a glimpse of what was going on.

We mounted the Wawel to the castle of the Polish Kings, which is now a military barrack. Two new towers and a wall of circumvallation have been recently added. The first court, bigh, and with arched galleries around every story, was formerly the residence of the nobles attached to the Polish court. Beyond this, we entered a large open space, on the right of which stood the Cathedral, a lofty, ansient pile, of no particular style of architecture. The Jew called our attention to the dome over one of the side chapele. "See!" said he. "that is

"real duest gold: you will not see the like any. "where else in the world." But the heavy gilding has been for the most part worn away, and the dome has rather a shabby look, in consequence. An ox-faced Polish priest took us in charge, and sho ved se the monuments of many kings and more bishops -ringing historical names, some of which stir the blood. The estafalques of Casimir the Great of Wratislaw, of Stephen Batory, of John Sobieski, and others, rich with marble and silver, fill the side chapele of this storied pile. There still ex ats the stall of precious marble, where the Kings of Poland attended mass, with wooden seats on either side for the ministers; while in the chancel, before the magnificent gilled alter, stands the velvet capopy under which they were crowned. The sepulchral monuments are poor, except two statues by Thorwaldeen-a repetition of his Christ, and the Roman, half-nude figure of Prince Potocki.

We afterward descended into the crypt of the church by a trap-door in the pavement. Here, groping along after the waxen torch in the priest's hand, we came to the massive silver sarcophagi of Wladislaus IV. and his queen. Beyond these glittering shells, at the end of the dusky vault, gloomed a sarcophegus of black marble, inscribed with the name of John Sobieski. The Saviour of Austria (who repaid his services a hundred years later !) lies in fitting company: on his right hand is Poniatoweky, on his left Kosciusko, both in marble coffins. I went up reverently, and placed my hand upon the stone which covers each-proud, noble, glerious hearts, now dust forever!

Every boy who reads "The Wonders of the World" in the chimney corner, in the long Winter evenings, as I have done, has heard of the Salt Mines of Wieliczks. The account of this subterranean saline world made a profound impression upon me when a youngster, and I diverged a little from my direct route on purpose to visit it. All wonders which we first hear of in the dear, secluded nest of home, most attract us after our wings have grown and we have become restless birds of passage; but not all retain the old magic after we behold them. The Maelström turned out to be an immense exagceration: Teneriffe and the Natural Bridges of Icononzo lie far out of my track, but here are the Salt Mines, within eight miles of Cracow, and I should have been false to every promise of youth if I had not visited them. If the "Wonders of the World" is still extant, and some of the boys who read THE TRIBUNE are acquainted with the book, I know they will not overlook this letter. Talking is pleasantest when one is sure of an interested

In company with a Professor from St. Petersburg, we left Cracow this morning, crossed the Vistula, and drove eastward through a low, undulating country, covered with fields of rye, oats and potatoes. The village of Wieliczka occupies a charming situation on the northern slope of a long, woodcrowned hill. The large store houses for the salt, the Government offices, and the residences of the superintendents, on a slight eminence near the foot, first strike the eye. After procuring a permit from the proper official, we presented ourselves at the office, over the mouth of the mine, in company with five Prussian travelers, two of them ladies, and a wandering German mechanic, who had tramped out from Cracow in the hope of seeing the place. We were all enveloped in long, coarse bloures of white linen, and having bespoken a supply of Bengal lights, a door was opened, and we commenced descending into the bowels of the earth by an easy staircase, in a square shaft. Six boys, carrying flaring lamps, were distributed among our party, and one of the superintendents assumed the flice of conductor. After descending 210 feet, we saw the first veins

of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sand stone. Thirty feet more, and we were in a world of sait. Level galleries branched off from the foot of the staircase; overhead a ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt, and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Lights gl'mmered abead, and on correr we came upon a gang of workmen, some backing away at the solid floor, others trandling wheelbarrows full of the precious cubes. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony, the oldest in the mines-a Byzantine excavation, supported by columns, with altar, crucifix, and life-size statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all as salt as Lot's wife, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the saints: Francis, especially, is running away like a dip candle, and all of his head is gone except his chin. The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back. A Bengal light burned at the altar, brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into utter darkness, as if it had never been.

I cannot follow, step by step, our journey of two hours through the labyrinths of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases and vaulted chambers, where one soon lores all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. Everything was solid salt, except where great piers of hewn logs had been built up to support some threatening roof, or vast charme, left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descended to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the saline walls more pure and brilliant. One hall, 108 feet in hight, resembled a Grecian theater, the traces of blocks taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of this single hall 1,000,000 cwt. of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Austria for one year.

Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit o Francis I. and his Empress in another spacious, ir regular vault, through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on piers of the crystalline rock. After we had descended to the bettom of this chamber, a boy ran along the bridge above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue lustre on the obelieks, on the scarred walls, vast arches, the entrances to deeper halls, and the far roof, fretted with the picks of the workmen. The effect was magical-wonderful. Even the old Pruseian, who had the face of an exchange-broker, exclaimed, as he pointed upward: "It is like a sky full of cloud-lambkins." Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downward like the mouth of hell, with cavernons tunnels opening out of the further end. In these tunnels the workmen, half naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fireworks and the firing of guns which here so reverberates in the imprisoned air that one can feel every wave of sound), gives rough representation of the infernal regions, for the benefit of the crowned heads who visit the mines. The effect must be indeed diabolical. Even we, unexceptionable characters as we were, looked trais

uncarny in our ghostly garmen's, smid the beil glare of the fireworks.

A little further, we struck upon a lake four fathoms deep, upon which we embarked in a heavy square bost and entered a gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which was inscribed (in salt letters) Good luck to you!" In such a place the motto reemed ironical. "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," would have been more appropriate. Midway in the tunnel, the halls at either end were suddenly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannon, beliowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water in such wice that our boat had not cessed trembling when we landed in the further hall. Read Tasso:

if you want to hear the sound of it. A tablet inscribed "heartily welcome!" saluted us in landing. Finally, at the depth of 450 feet, our journey ceased, although we were but half way to the hottem. The remainder is a wilderness of shafes. galleries and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then returned through scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of gnomes, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement. The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the speient Egyptisns in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of 1 cwt. each, in which form it is ready for sale. Those intended for Russia are rounded on the edges and corners untithey acquire the shape of large encouns, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country.

The number of workmen employed in the mines s 1,500, all of whom belong to the ' upper crust' -that is, they live on the outside of the world. They are divided into gange, and relieve each other every six hours. Each gang quarries out, on an average, a little more than 1,000 cat, of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield 1,500,-000 cwt. ! The men we saw were fine, muscular, healthy-looking fellows, and the officer, in answer to my questions, stated that their sanitary condition was quite equal to that of the field laborers. Scurvy does not occur among them, and the equality of the temperature of the mines-which stands at 54 of Fabrenheit all the year round-has a favorable effect upon such as are predisposed to diseases of the lungs. He was not aware of any peculiar form of disease induced by the substance in which they work, notwithstanding where the air is humid salt-crystals form upon the wood work. The woed, I may here remark, never rots, and where untouched, retains its quality for centuries. The officer explicitly denied the story of men having been born in these mines, and having gone through life without ever mounting to the upper world. So there goes another interesting fiction of our youth.

It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its solid depth 690 feet ! It commences about 200 feet below the surface, and is then uninterrupted to the bottom, where it rests on a bed of compact sandstone, such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains. Below this, there is no probability that it again reappears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may no doubt be pushed much further in that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried-and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries smounts to four hundred and twenty miles-it is estimated that, at the present rate of explotiation, the known supply cannot be exhausted under 300 years. The tripartite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the production of the present amount-1,500,000 cwt. annually-of which she is und to furn'sh 300,000 cwt. 800,000 to Russia, leaving 400,000 cwt. for berself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines, of two millions of florins (\$1,000,000) annually.

It is not known how this wonderful depositmore precious than gold itself-was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the twelfth century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it, giving the merit to favorite saints. One, which is gravely published in "The History of Cracow," states that a Polish King, who wood Princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of the Wartburg) in the tenth century, asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. To which she replied: Something that would most benefit his people. The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt-mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wieliczka, surveyed the ground, and, after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few days they found a salt-crystal, which the Queen caused to be set in her wedding-ring, and wore until the day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist, for those days. The bed actually fo'lows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed, also, that it stretche northward into Russian Poland. Some years ago the Bank of Warsaw expended large sums in boring for salt near the Austrian frontier. There was much excitement and speculation for a time: but, although the mineral was found, the cost of quarring it was too great, and the enterprise was

On our return we visited Francis-Joseph's hall. a large sait ball-room, with well executed statues of Vulcan and Neptune. Six large chandeliers, apparently of cut glass, but really of salt, illuminate it on festive occasions, and hundreds of dancers perspire themselves into a pretty pickle. When we had reached the upper galleries, we decided to ascend to daylight by means of the windlass. The Prussian party went first, and the Isdies were not a little alarmed at finding themselves seated in rope slings, only supported by a band under the arms. All five swung together in a heap; the ladies screamed and would have loosened themselves, but that moment the windlass began to move, and up they went, daugling, toward the little star of daylight, two hundred feet above. Under them hung one of the boys, to steady the whirling mass, and the little scamp amused himself by swinging his lamp, cracking his beels together and rattling his stick along the sides of the shaft. When our turn came, I found, in spite of myself, that such pastime was not calculated to steady my nerves. The st und of the stick was very much like that of snapping ropes, and my brain swam a little at finding my feet dangling over what seemed a bottomless

The arrival at the top was like a douche of lightning. It was just noon, and the hot white, blinding day poured fall upon us, stinging our eyes like peedler, and almost taking away our breste, We were at once beset with a crowd of baggare and salt-venders. The latter proffered a multitude of small articles-crosses, stars, inages, broke, cupe, dishes, &c .- out from the autice crystal, and not distinguishable from glass in anpearance. I purchased a salt-cellar, which has the property of furnishing salt when it is empty. But I shall not need to use it for some days. I am is the condition of Mrs. Lot. I shall season my soup this evening by stirring it with my dagers, and my fresh reast will turn to corned beef in my mouth. I am salt all ever, but I beg of you not to take my statements cum grano salis. Let it rather be the Atti: seasoning which you shall

A PRINCESS ROYAL.

A PRINCESS ROYAL.

From The Homehold Words.

I remember to have fallen in once with certain American captains and colonels and men at a ms, in a small place on the Brazos River, a few miles rorth of Jose Maris, in Texas. I had paid a visit to this place, near which a dear companion of my youth had been murdered. We were school-fellows, and for five years we had been brother officers in the same ragiment. He went to the United States just when the war broke out with Mexico, and became captain of a company of Kentucky riflement. A few mouths after the battle of Vera Cruz, he was deputed by the officers of his brigade to present to Gen. Taylor—who was on leave of absence at New Orleans—a gold medal as token of respect. Choosing the nearest way from the camp, across country, he set out on his errand with a guide es country, he set out on his errand with a guid

respect. Choosing the nearest way from the camp, acroes country, he set out on his errand with a guide and two servants, all on horseback, armed to the teeth. In Jose Maris, my poor friend unwisely exhibited the medal to a crowd of respectable-looking persons, calling themselves colonels, majors and captains, who seemed to take great pleasure in studying its ergravings. He did not even remark in what a hurry some of those colonels were to start before him. But the medal has, in ten years, never more been heard of, and my old comrade and two of his companions were found shot dead in a ravine.

It was near this place that I also fell among colonels. There was one of them who took a great liking to my horse, when he saw me giving it to the hostler. He tapped it repeatedly on the neck, declaring it, with an oath, to be a nice hatimal and no mistake—which assertion he repeated afterward over and over again to his fellow-men in the coffee room, who, whon they had been out to satisfy their curiosity, agreed with him upon the matter. "Now, wouldn't that be a nag for you, major l" he said to a tall, powerful man, with a rough beerd and digusting features, who sat a little apart from the rest, and were a large gray coat. The major said nothing, but stalked out of the room, soon afterward, followed by the colonel. The others had again taken up their old topic of conversation, and were talking politics, rather vehemently at thought, when the waiter—a German—came up to others had again taken up their oil topic of conversa-tion, and were talking politics, rather vehemently as I thought, when the waiter—a German—came up to me, and told me in our own language, that I had bet-ter take care, as those two ruffians outside had set eyes upon my horse, and would be sure to steal it if I gave them the slightest chance. Annoyed at this in-telligence, I asked my countryman what he thought it would be best for me to do.

would be best for me to do.

"Why," said he, "you have fallen in with a bad set, and, if you want to keep your horse, I should advise you to escape as soon as possible."

After a little reflection, I resolved to start at once, and made for the stable. There I found the colonel again, most urgently talking to the hostler, who only looked at me in a rather impudent manner, when I told him to bring out my horse, and paid me no further attention. I therefore began to bridle for my-self.

self.
"I say, captain!" said the colonel, coming up to me after a while, and tapping me on the shoulder.

"Come on, man ! don't make a fool of yourself ! !

"Come on, man! don't make a fool of yourself! I want to buy that 'ere 'orse, captain!"
"Do you!"
Thank Hoaven! I was in the saddle by that time.
"Do I? Am I the man to be put out of my way by one of there 'ere chawed up Germans!"
He laid both his hands upon the bridle of my horse. My blood generally boils at an insulting word against my countrymen, especially when I am tar from home in foreign lands. In a truce, the stick of the riding-whip came down upon the colonel's head, while the horse, urged to a powerful leap, threw him ten yards upon the ground. As I knew very well that, according to the customs of the country, this was a revolver affair now, end as I had no wish to become entangled in such business, I did not wait until the colonel had picked himself up, but rodefforward without delay. I was stopped by the waiter, whom I heard cailing siter me, and who was out of breath when he came up to me at last. The honest fellow gave me a direction, which I was afterward glad to have followed. He said that the colonel, though a coward, was a most tion, which I was afterward glad to have followed. He said that the colorel, though a coward, was a most desperate villair, not at all likely to give way so soon, but that the worst of the whole set was that tall fellow, the mejor, whom he suspected to have gone in search of some of his companions. "You will be "chased by a couple of these regues," he said, "as "I am a Saxon! Let me advice you. Follow your "way up to the corth until you are out of sight, then do you turn back to the south, as far as Joss Maria. "At the ravice south-east of that place turn to the left, and, following the course of the brock, ride for your life. Twenty miles up the stream you will come to a settlement, called the Wood Creek. Old Delamotte lives there, and he's the man for you to 'trust."

"trust."

I offered the waiter a few pieces of money, but he would not take them; then a hearty shake of the hand, and this he took most cordially.

"Stop!" he said, when I had already set spurs to my horse. He lifted up each of the horse's legs, and looked carefully at the shoeing. "All right," he said; "I thought the oatler might have played you one of his tricks, but he has not yet had time, I suppose. Now, go ahead, and don't forget the Frenchman!" I darted off.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I had to make twenty miles to the ravine which my countryman had.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I had to make twenty miles to the ravine which my countryman had pointed out to me. But my horse was worthy of the colonel's admiration; and, in spite not only of the roundabout way I had taken in accordance with my filend's advice, and half an hour's delay for rest at Jose Maria, it was but five in the evening when I reached this melancholy spot.

I stopped and looked about me. The surrounding country was all barren and desolate, the soil sterile. There was a wooden cross erected on the spot of the murder, and beneath it lay the mortal remains of the man whom I had knewn in the full glow and joy of youth.

murder, and beneath it lay the mortal remains of the man whom I had known in the full glow and joy of youth.

A strange feeling made me linger in that place. The little rivulet smoothly gliding eastward showed me the way I was to go. I could follow its course with my eyes to a far distant forest, the high grass of the prairie having burned a track down, as it always does at this time of year. Yet I still lingered.

The horse began to reigh softly, and to prick up his ears. He was familiar with these prairies, as I had bought him but a few months ago at Little Rock, in Arkansas. There was something the matter.

I listened, but heard absolutely notting. I alighted, and, pressing my ear to the ground, listened again. The earth trembled faintly with the treal of horses yet at a lorg distance: but, when I mounted again, I could hear the sound. It was rapidly approaching from the direction of Jose Maria, and although the woods on that side of me prevented me from seeing anything, I had but little doubt who were the horsemen. Now, colonels, maiors, captains, let us see what can be done! My horse gave such a sudden and vigorous jump when I merely touched him with the whip that I was almost thrown from my seat. I lost my cap, and a gust of wind threw it against that very mound by which I had been bound to the ravine. To pick it up would have been a waste of time: and as I wished to be out of sight before my pursuers had set foot upon the prairie, I left it and sped away, taking as straight a line as possible in the direction of the distant forest, to avoid the windings of the little brook, yet without losing sight of it. In the brave horse there was no also kending of pace; there was no stumbling. I turned round three or four times during my rapid course, but, except a long, thin cloud of dust and ashes, raised by myself, I saw nothing whatever. In an hour or so the forest was before me, and then reining up a little, I again made for the brook.

I had traced its windings for about another hour, when I arrived at a clear

"Qui va la?" asked a deep voice.

"Un ami!" was the answer.

There were two men near the house, one with grey hair and weather-beaten features, and the otaer in the prime of youth beth Frenchmen.

The old man looked, with some astonishment, at my panting horse covered with foam, at his diluted nostrils and quick-beating flanks.

"Why, it seems you are in a hurry," he said.

In a few words I explained the motives of my visit, and told him my adventures at Santa Madre; not for getting to report the advice of the German waiter at the coffee-house, that I should trust in him for help.

He listened eagerly to my narrative, and when I gave him a minute description of the colonel and the major, his attention grew to be intense.

"Again those two scoundrels!" he said. "Well, man, step into the house. Never mind the horse, the lad will rub him dry. We have a few hours before us

yet. They know by this time where you are, and will tenerder twice before they call here; though we are quite ears to hear of them at nightfall.

I expressed regret for the trouble I was bringing on him; but he only laughed and repried: "New r mind,

"But we are only three, and after all we do . a know how many radiate that tall fellow may bring

"Let him bring a score, we are their match, I tell you! Do you account the Princess Royal no-

body!"
The what!"
"The Princess Royal: is Princesse Royale!" he isughed again. "Don't etare at me, you'll see her

by-and-by."

The block-house had a very durable appearance; it was two stories nigh, and the upper room was neatly furnished. On the wall I observed a portrait o Gen. Morean. My host was no friend of the first E nperor of the French: the present Emperor he mentioned only once during our conversation, and I had better not say what he said.

He fighted a candle and began to block the windows no, while I was eating and drinking what he had

He lighted a candle and began to block the windows up, whilst I was esting and drinking what he had placed on the table. The lad made all safe on the ground flor, and secured the door.

"New, we are all right!" said the old man, taking his seat at the table, and mixing rum and water in a

"Au triomphe de la bonne cause!" he said, fouch-

"Au triomphe de la bonne cause!" he said, fouching glasses with me.

"But I don't see any arms." I presently suggested.

"Arms! I have plenty of that stuff. How do you think a man could get on in these woods without arms!
But we shant want them to night." Again he laughed.

"We have the Princes Royal.

He removed the caudle with the other things from the table, and went out of the room.

The door was opened again about five minutes afterward. I heard the crack of a whip. I saw a rapid flash before my eyes; and, with a mighty bound, that made my very blood run cold, a large jagnar lesped in allebting with a heavy pounce upon the table.

made my very blood run cold, a large jaguar leaped in, alighting with a beavy pounce upon the table. "La Princesee Royale" aanounced my host. I do not know exactly what figure I may have presented at that moment; but I should not wonder if any body were to tell me that I looked like a craven. "Don't be afraid of her," said the laughing Frenchman, when he saw me still as a mouse, scarcely ventring to furn my looks to her bright cruel eyes. "She is as decent as a cat when I am by. Cares her, she ikes to be fondled, it's the weak side of the sex, you know."

know."

I touched her delicate fur but slightly with my hand, stroking it softly down her strong and beautiful back, the right way of the fur, you may be sure.

She bent her powerful and elastic limbs under my fiell hard, and faming the air with her curved tail, seemed to encourage me to bestow more caresses.

"Well, how do you like the Princess!" asked my host.

"Well, how do you like the Princess: asked my host.

"Why, she is indeed handsome, and I have seen rore in the eld world more majestic."

"Take her down stairs, George," he said to the lad, handing the whip over to him, "and keep a look out yourself; but mind you don't give her any more supper. She shall help herself to night."

He placed the candle and our glasses again upon the table, and began to sip his grog quire leisurely.

"By heavens man, I said, after a pause, "it cannot be your real purpose to set the tiger on those people."

Eb. parbleu!" replied he, "and why not! What else do they deserve! Are they not also tigers! You don't know them as I do! The tall raseal is a convicted felon, and ought to have been hanged two years age at San Francisco. He contrived an escape, and fled to Kaneas. As to the other regue, there is hardly a crime he has not stained his hands with. Make your

A sudden thought came into my mind, and I asked him whether he knew anything about that murder of my friend ten years ago in the ravine near Jose Maria!

No, he knew nothing about that. It was before his

No, he knew nothing about that. It was before his time; only he should not wonder if the major had had a hand in it; it looked very like him.

We were interrupted by a loud knocking at the deer. The lad came in soon afterward, telling us that he could desary five of them, all on horseback.

The old man rose, and moving one of the mattresses a little aside, he looked cautiously through the window. It was about 9 o'clock, and the darkness began to set in with the rapidity peculiar to southern cilmstes.

The knocks were repeated more vehemently, accom-

"Here they are, sure enough " said the old man.
"I wonder why this major doesn't go to Kansas: he is
the very man for Kansas politics."
If you don't open now, you French dog," said a
coarse voice, "we'll break the door!"
The jeyes of the old man fisshed fire, but he spoke

"You know me, Delamette," said another voice, which I had heard before. "You know Colone! Brown. But though we 'ave to rettle an old account, I ave no business with you this time: it's the stranger I want, he has stolen a 'orse; give him up to us, and we'll be cli in a minute."

we'll be off in a minute."
"No use talking to that old miser," said the former voice, with an oath. "Come on, boys, bresk that door in, and end it!"

He seemed to suit the action to the word, for a tremen cus crash came.
"En avant" said the old man to the lad, and they

En avant said the old man to the isa, and they both went down stairs.

I rose and paced up and down the room with rapid teps. Someting terrible, awful was going on.

The whole bleck house shook and trembled with the violent kicks and blows which were dealt at the door, but nevertheless I could hear distinctly when the iron bar was removed from it, and then—I felt as if all my blood were rushing suddenly to my heart leaving not one single drop in any limb of my whole body.

A roar-not at all like those you may hear in the

Zoological Garders, Regent's Park, at feeding time— but a hundred times wilder, sharper, more piercing, more furious: then human cries of horror and despair— the trampling of flying horses—the quick report of fire-srms—then again the roar, but this time much

fire-arms—than again the roar, but this time much leuder, more savage, more ferocious, more horrible—then a heavy fall and a confased noise of grinding of teeth—then nothing more, because I stopped my ears with both my hands.

When I turned round, my host sat at the table again, sipping his grog as if nothing had happened.

"I am alraid," he said, after a while, "the Princess has been wounded, I have never heard her roaring in that way. Well, we must see after this to-morrow. It would be a dangerous job for any man to go near her to-night!"

night!"
Next morning I stood by his side when he opened Next morning I stood by his side when he opened the door. My first glance fell upon the tiger cowering in a thick brown-red pool. She was licking at a red spot upon her left flank, which seemed to have bled profusely, but with both her powerful fore paws she clung to a deformed and shapeless mass which bore no likeness to anything I had ever seen. The corpse of a horse, frightfully mutilated, lay close by, and the whole ground was strewn with fragments of a horrible appearance. My host having examined them all with intense curiosity, cracked his whip, and moved straight toward the tiger.

A hollow menacing roar warned him off; the sav-

A hollow menacing roar warned him off; the sav-age creature showed its formidable range of long and powerful teeth, and had lost all signs of her old tame-

"She is thirsty for more blood, the Princess Royal is," said the Frenchman. "That is nature, you know. She can't help it, I suppose; and, as I should be grieved to kill her, we must wait till she comes cound again."

Tound again."

We had to wait long. After three days, the old man himself beginning to doubt whether she ever would come round again, was forced to kill her after all.

When we were thus enabled to examine at leisure that horrible battle-field, he drew my attention to some remnants of a coat in which the gray color was still to be distinguished
"He has had his reward!" said the old man,
"though it costs me dear. Better than all those majors was my poor old Princess Royal."

ROCKLAND COUNTY .- At the District meeting held

ast week, John B. Wandle of Piermont, and Alexander Davidson of Haverstraw, were appointed to represent Rockland in the Republican State Convenion. Measre. Luther Caldwell of Piermont, and Ferdinand Nichols of Nyack, are the alternate delegates.

PERSONS DROWNED.—On Saturday last, a party of four persons, consisting of two young men, named Augustus and Samuel Gilchrist, and a Scotchman named McVicker of Thomaston, and Miss Mary Fliuton of Georges Island, Me., embarked at the latter place for Thomaston in a sail-boat. When the boat was about a mile from the Island, she was upset by a sudden equall, and sunk with all on board. The father of the young lady, Mr. Flinton, witnessed the sad accident from the shore, and he succeeded in rescuing her remains: the bodies of the men were not recovered. An additional gloom seems to be thrown about this melancholy event by the fact that Miss Flinton was to have been united in marriage with Mr. Augustus Gilchrist at Thomaston on Sunday evening, and that he had come with his brother and a friend to accompany her from her home for this purpose.

The Mathematical Monthly.—We are pleased

THE MATHEMATICAL MONTHLY.—We are pleased to learn that Prof. J. D. Runkle's plan for the establishment of a "Mushematical Monthly" has met with such success as to warrant an early beginning of the publication. The first number, bearing date October, will be issued during the early part of next menth.

[Boston Advertiser.

The New-York Tribune.

1858-59.

The successful laying of the trans-Atlantic Telegraphic Cable marks a new era in the history of Human Progress. Henceforth, Europe, Western Asia and Northern Africa lie within an hour's distance from our shores, and the battle which decides the fate of a kingdom, the capture of a Vienna or Gibraltar, the fall of a dynasty, the triumph of a usurpation, the birth of an heir to royalty, the death of a Nicholas or Wellington, in any country which touches the Mediferranean, the Euxine, the Black Sea or the German Ocean, will be published in New-York the next morning, if not on the very day of its occurrence. In a moment, as it were, we have been thrown into the immediate intellectual neighborhood of the whole civilized and a large portion of the semi-barbarous world. The rise and fall of stocks in London or Paris will henceforth be reported from day to day in the journals of our seaboard cities. The boldest operators in Wall street will refuse to buy or sell until they have read the quotations of that day's business on the Royal Exchange and at the Bourse, whose transactions will have closed an hour or so before ours can begin. A revolution in Paris, an important vote in Parliament, an insurrection in Italy, a fire in Coust antinople, will be discussed around the breakfast tables of Nev-York a few hours after its occurrence. A mighty though silent transformation in the conditions of human existence has just been effected by the little wire stretching across the ocean's bed from the coast of Ireland to that of British America, and one inevitable result of this must be an uneximpled community of feeling and interest among the nations of Christenfom, and a consequent desire for a more intimate acquaintance with each other's doings through the medium of the Newspaper Press. It seems hardly possible that thousands should not henceforth regularly read their own journals, who have bitherte been content with an occasional glance at those taken by their neighbors; while many who have hitherto been content with a Weekly issue will now require a Semi-Weekly or Daily. In short, Intelligence, always a vital element of growth in wisdom, success in business, or enjoyment in life, has now become in lispensable to all.

-THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, now more than seventeen years old, which was the first journal in the world that appeared regularly on an imperial eight-rage sheet at so low a price as two cents, and which has attained the unparalleled aggregite of more than 200,000 subscriptions, respectfully solicits its share of the new patronage which the Metropolitan Press is henceforth constrained, at a heavy weekly cost, to deserve. It asks especially the patronage and active favor of REPUBLICANS-of those who hate all forms of oppression, and desire that every rational being shall be free to employ his faculties in such innocent manner as he shall deem best-of those who would extend Liberty and limit Slavery

-but it further appeals likewise to all who look and labor for the return of National thrift, plenty, prosperity, through the Protection of American Industry by wisely discriminating duties on Imports-all who favor National Progress through internal development and melioration rather than by external aggression and extensionall who would rather have the National resources devoted to the construction of a Railroad to the Pacific than to the purchase or conquest of Mexico, Nicaragua or Cuba-all who would retrench radically our present inordinate Federal expenditures by abolishing or immensely reducing the Army and Navy, and expending the money thus saved on works of beneficence which will endure to bless our childrenall who profoundly realize that "RIGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation," and that no real advantage can ever accrue to any person or community from acquisitions or successes achieved by means which contravene the laws of Eternal Right. The free allotment of limited portions of the Public Lands to Actual Settlers thereon, and every hopeful plan intended to diminish the sum of human misery pense-every scheme especially that seeks to help the unfortunate by enabling and teaching them to help themselves-must command our earnest sympatby and cooperation.

Within the present year, THE TRIBUNE has provided itself with a new and faster Press at a cost of \$30,000 merely that some of our subscribers may receive their papers a mail earlier than they otherwise might do. With correspondents at the most important points throughout the civilized world, and staff of writers chosen from among the best in the country, we believe that even those who dislike the politics of our sheet concede to it franknees in avowing its convictions and ability in maintaining them. We appeal, then, to those who believe that an increased circulation of THE TRIBUNE would conduce to the political, intellecaid us in effecting such incresse. As we employ no traveling solicitors of subscriptions, we ask our present patrons in every locality to speak to their neighbors and friends in our behalf; we shall gladly receive from any friend lists of those who would receive and read a specimen copy of ore of our editions, and shall be particularing grateful to those who may send us such names from cost offices at which we have now no subscribers. Whatever additions may thus be made to our circulation shall be paralleled by increased efforts and expenditures to make our issues more valuable and useful than they have hitherto been.

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